the mixtape fic

bisexualrichie

the mixtape fic by bisexualrichie

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King
Genre: Bisexual Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier-centric, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, M/M, Oblivious Eddie Kaspbrak, Pre-Relationship
Language: English
Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris
Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/ Richie Tozier
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-11-06
Updated: 2017-11-06
Packaged: 2020-02-01 00:38:42
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,248
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

eddie dances and richie sees him.

also bev is a smart bih

the mixtape fic

Eddie had always loved music. It was his happy place. Making mixtapes was a comforting activity for him, and each song had a different impact and meaning to him. Whenever his Mother would go for another check-up, that was when he was happiest. He would turn his volume up so loud it was deafening and dance until his feet hurt, without being judged. He could sing at the top of his lungs and no one would here his silly voice cracks, or lousy attempts at high notes.

That was, until today. His Mother had felt a tickle in her throat and decided it was time for another check-up.

“I’ll be back before curfew, Eddie. Remember to take your pills!”, Mrs. K yelled, before running out the door. Before she had even reached the car, Eddie was plugging his headphones into his Walkman and grabbing his favourite mixtape.

Most of the songs on the mixtape were romantically themed, including I Wanna Dance With Somebody and Head Over Heels. But there was one song Eddie had hidden at the end of the tape, just in case anyone had listened to it, sang by one Cyndi Lauper.

Eddie didn’t know why but every time he listened to Girls Just Want To Have Fun, it gave him the best feeling. He would dance, hop, skip and jump around and never get tired, and that certainly was the case today.

The music started playing and Eddie couldn’t help but sway his hips and slide across the floor, swinging his arms along to the beat. He found a hair brush on the counter, and began to sing into it, as loud as possible.

The music played so loud in his ears, Eddie hadn’t heard the door open and shut. In walked a very confused Richie, searching for the source of the singing. “Eddie?”, called the older boy, walking to the kitchen door and looking through the window.

Once Richie had figured out what was happening, Eddie was already belting out the chorus.

When the working day is done,
Oh girls, just want to have fun

Richie was mesmerised, watching intensely as Eddie swung his hips and sang in unison with the music. Richie knew that if he had walked in on Bill or Stanley doing the same thing, he would never let them hear the end of it. But not Eddie.

That's all they really want,
just fun

Eddie was different than the others, Richie already knew this. But as he listened to Eddie sing, he realised something. He liked Eddie's dancing. He liked the way he would run his hand through his hair as he mumbled the lyrics into the hair brush. He liked the way he would spin around and throw his arms in the air as a high note came on.

RAs the song came to an end, Richie cheeks started flushing as he felt guilty. He knew he shouldn't be watching Eddie, that he shouldn't think that way about him. But he couldn't help it.

Richie turned abruptly and crept out the door as not to let Eddie know he was there, before closing the door and knocking again as if he hadn't been in there already. Eddie yanked his headphones off of his head and quickly put them in the drawer, before fixing his hair and opening the door.

"Hey, Eddie Spaghetti", Richie beamed ruffling his hand through the younger boys hair.

"Don't call me that", Eddie mumbled, fixing his hair and walking outside, closing the door behind him.

_____

¬¬Richie had always been loud. There was no force on the earth that could stop him from doing a Voice and embarrassing his friends. They said they hated it but honestly, they wouldn't have nearly as much fun as they do without Richie's stupid comments and voices.

The Loser's Club was its own ecosystem and Richie's humour, as stupid as it was, was an intricate part of that ecosystem and without it, they would fall apart.

“Why are they taking so long?” Stanley mumbled, throwing a pebble on the ground before picking up another one and repeating the action. Bill had just sent Richie to get Eddie, so they could go to the cinema together. Ghostbusters 2 had just come out and they had all seen the original and loved it.

“Probably eating face” Beverly said nonchalantly as all the others turned to her, shock in their eyes. Confused, she continued, “Come on, guys. I can’t be the only one who thinks there’s something going on there. Have you seen the way Eddie blushes at him?”.

The boys sat there, thinking over what she said only to be shaken out of their thought by the one and only,

“RICHIE TOZIER! I have returned to you, my loyal fans!” Richie announced, hands outstretched as he walked towards his friends.

“What took you guys so long?”, Bev asked, sounding as insinuating as possible. The others tensed at this but Richie didn’t notice, or at least pretended not to.

“Oh, you know how Eddie’s mom can be. Eddie had to pull her off of me”, Richie said, throwing a wink in Eddie’s direction. Eddie slightly blushed and shoved Richie’s arm, mumbling something only he could hear. The group fell into an awkward silence as Bev wore a smug look, like she had proved her point.

Before Eddie could thing about that too long, Bill spoke up, “Let’s g-g-go before they close the scr-e-een”. They made their way to the theatre and, as usual, Richie and Eddie stayed the slightest bit back. But for once, they were silent, each of them wrapped up in their own world of thought.

What was that look for? Eddie pondered, still confused by Beverly’s face earlier. He had seen her wear it before, but never in his direction.

It was her I’m smarter than all of you look. She had worn it when Bill and Stan finally got together, after months of her betting on it. She had worn it when Ben had told her he liked her, and she even wore it when Mrs. Richards told her class she was pregnant.

Richie on the other hand was just thinking about the first Ghostbusters and how much fun he had when he saw it with Eddie and The Losers. He always thought about his friends in that manner, Eddie and The Losers. That would be a good name for a band, he thought.

Richie knew Eddie was his favourite. It wasn't a mean thing, it just was. They were closer than the others and no one seemed to have a problem with that. Richie had the most fun teasing Eddie and Eddie, though he would never admit it, loved being teased by Richie.

He had never thought about Eddie as anything other than his best friend until he saw him that afternoon dancing. Just thinking about it again made his cheeks flush red. Eddie, seeing this, gave the taller boy a weak smile which made him blush even more.

Luckily, this exchange was cut off quickly as they arrived at the cinema and made their way inside.

———

Over the next few weeks, Richie had tried his hardest, but whenever there was silence all he could here was Eddie's angelic voice, belting out the song that had been stuck in his head for almost two weeks now.

"That's it", Richie thought to himself as he jerked his bike to the side, heading towards the pharmacy. As he recalled, they sold blank tapes and his Dad had everything he needed at home.

He quickly grabbed at least seven different brands of tapes and threw them on the counter, rummaging through his shorts pockets for some money. The cashier looked worried at how fast the boy with the glasses was moving, but decided to say nothing.

Richie didn't say a word to the cashier as he grabbed the plastic bag containing the tapes and left the pharmacy, peddling home as fast as he could.

It took a while, but eventually Richie had made multiple tapes

containing songs he knew Eddie would love and dance to, and one containing the titular tune that had been ringing in his mind all day. He put as many copies of the song on that tape as it would allow, and scribbled the words “Thrash Metal” on the front, as to avoid suspicion.

As he finished writing the L, he smiled looking over his completed work. Soon, his smile began to fade as he heard the wheels of his father’s truck pull up the garage. He had never been allowed in the garage when his father was home.

Richie shoved all the tapes in his plastic bag and ran to the stairs as fast as he could, but not before Mr. Tozier had lifted the door to the garage and saw his son running through the room.

“What the fuck is this?”, Richie’s father yelled, startling Richie enough for him to drop his bag. “I-I wanted t-to g-get something” Richie stuttered, shaking and reaching for the tapes scattered all of the ground.

His father walked towards him, hate in his eyes as he growled, “Come in here again, and you won’t see the light of day until you’ve graduated high school”, and with that Richie finally made his way up the stairs.

He had been used to these threats, ever since he was younger, and he would mess around with his dad’s tools. Richie had already had a pretty shitty day, and this was the icing on the cake.

Once he reached his room, Richie flung his body onto his bed and threw his arms out in defeat. After laying like that, soft sobs began to make their way out of his lips.

Suddenly, he had an idea. He sat up, wiping away the tears from his face and reaching for his desk. After rummaging through his drawers , Richie eventually found his Walkman and headset. He grabbed his “thrash metal” tape and placed it gently into the tape holder, sliding his headphones over his ears.

As soon as the music began, Richie felt himself relaxing. He flopped back down on his bed, slightly bopping his head to the tune in his

ears and humming along. His mind was flooded with thoughts of Eddie and how his body moved to certain parts of the song.

Richie felt the guilt rush in just as quickly as he had relaxed, Should I be thinking this way about Eddie? Why am I thinking this way about Eddie? Would he hate me if he knew?

Over the course of a few weeks, Cyndi Lauper quickly became a prominent part of Richie's weekly routine.

Stressed? Cyndi. Sad? Cyndi. Happy? Cyndi. Richie knew deep down that his feeling towards Eddie were getting stronger every time he listened, but he couldn't help it. He needed Eddie and when he wasn't there, this was the next best thing.

Of course, he had the Loser's Club and they were great, but they weren't Eddie. And for Richie, nobody could replace Eddie. Not even Cyndi Lauper.

_____

Eddie woke with a start, beads of sweat falling down his cheeks. Or perhaps it was tears. Shaking, he got up out of his bed to get a glass of water. While the tap water filled his glass, Eddie's eyes lingered around his kitchen, landing on the table.

There were only two items on the table, the telephone and one of Richie's old hoodies he had forgotten to bring home.

Before he knew what was happening, Eddie was on the phone to Richie, sniffling and sobbing and begging for him to come over. Obviously, Richie said yes.

When he arrived, Richie was met with the sight of Eddie drowning in his favourite hoodie and wiping tears away with the sleeves.

"S-sorry for getting it um wet. It's win- I just- I got cold", Eddie confessed, gesturing towards the hoodie.

"It's fine, Eds" Richie replied, pulling the smaller boy into his arms and closing the door behind him. "Besides, it looks better on you".

For once, Eddie was thankful for the darkness, so Richie couldn't see how hard he was blushing. They stayed like that for a while until

Richie pulled Eddie into a bridal position, attempting to bring him upstairs as quietly as he can as not to wake Mrs. Kaspbrak.

When they got to Eddie's bed, Richie wrapped his arm around Eddie. "Can you umm", Eddie started, trying to find the words.

"What is it, Eds? Not up for cuddling?" Richie asked, worrying he shouldn't have climbed into Eddie's bed without asking.

"It's not that, I-uh I, could you maybe uhm s-sing? It-uh singing helps. No, never mind it's fine. "Eddie eventually mumbled.

"Of course I'll sing, Eddie Spaghetti" Richie assured him, before starting the only song that sprung to his mind.

"I come home, in the morning light. My mother says when you gonna live your life right?"

As Richie sang, Eddie giggled like a school girl.

"Is my singing not good enough, Eds?" Richie remarked, sarcasm lacing his words, "I know it's not because of the song because a little birdie told me you love Cyndi Lauper".

Eddie giggled again, blushing furiously and relaxing into Richie's arms. Richie let out a laugh too, holding onto Eddie tighter and continuing the song. Unfortunately, Eddie didn't hear the end of the song, he fell asleep with a smile plastered to his face and slept a dreamless sleep.